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ARTS OF
THE PURE

D. M. ROSS

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Hearts of the Pure

Hearts of the Pure

BY

D. M. ROSS,

Author of

"The Afterglow," "The Promise of the Star," etc.



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DEDICATED
BY PERMISSION
TO
MADAM MELBA.

I have felt the clasp of a loyal hand;
I have looked into brave eyes;
I have made a noble friend.

1581952

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TO DAVID ROSS.

To me the smiles of happy children have always
been as the flowers of Paradise.

In your book for the pure of heart, you have
made a radiant garden, where the smile of a joyous
child lurks in every blossom.

Happy gardener !

NELLIE MELBA.

Hearts of the Pure.

HEARTS of the Pure were of a little kingdom at the beginning: they were a little army on the march—the army of childhood. Their battle-hymns had in them tears as well as triumph, their battles defeat as well as victory; yet the army has been growing and growing, and marching and marching, until its legions now overspread the world.

When I began this book I thought to tell only of pleasant things that would make joy for you—of pleasant things perhaps in a fantastic way—of pleasant things that still held in their pleasantness some wisdom that you might discern now and later on. This, and this only, would soon make Life appear to you as something that had been hidden away from you as an ugly thing.

So I thought, and I thought it would be better to tell the truth even of sorrow, and to show the big joy that is in and around us all—that Life is a book paged with sorrow and with joy, and that you should not skip the sorrowful pages, but read them faithfully, so that you might have a true knowledge of the great book.

They say hearts of the pure should know only joy, and that they will learn of sorrow soon enough, but the knowledge of sorrow cannot be kept from them. It comes to them early, and their sorrows are intense. I know, for I was a little while of their kingdom, and of their army that marches with banners. Though I have told you there is sorrow in the world, I have not told you to make you sorrowful, because in your heart is that which overcomes sorrow as the day overcomes the night—even love.

And I have not told you anything new, though your eyes are wide and wondering.

I must pass, however, from my little sermon to the coming of things into Life.

Things began to come into mine long ago, though I have the child-heart still.

A ridge that in one place bounded our little farm was fenced with a rail fence on which the gray mosses grew and the ground-larks perched, and on summer days I often walked with little steps to that boundary of my kingdom and sat upon the topmost rail, swinging my bare feet—listening and seeing and dreaming—getting knowledge from no one knew where.

The sky was as the mouth of a great lighted cave that held mysterious things--some seen and some unseen.

The birds were a wonder, wheeling through the

air or rising from their tree perches and sinking again to them.

I remember my first skylark.

The first great sound that I heard was a far-off humming that never ceased through the long afternoon. It came from the land of the Giants, and was the muffled sound of their roaring. They had huge bodies, and big heads with goggle eyes stuck in them. They were terrors in human shape that could do no harm, for the sun had hammered fetters on their ankles and their arms. One could always think of them without being afraid. Indeed, fear was then a thing that had not come into Life, for fear never enters hearts of the pure.

Then it was from that rail-fence, old and moss-grown, that I first saw the ocean, or a part of it, blue between the blue hills down at the valley mouth.

Ships came from the shadow of one hill—ships with sails—and passed away under the shadow of the other hill, and I wondered if the ships went on and on for ever, past the sea, into the clouds that lay upon it. Then I seemed to learn, though it was only remembering, that the sea I saw, the self-same sea, had been there perhaps for years, and that it would be there perhaps forever and forever, even until I became a man—that the same sun had risen out of it, the same moon and the same stars, day by day and night by night, never tiring, never growing dim—that the same wind

had been through the ages touching its billows into foam; and the ocean called me with a loud voice and the earth grew larger and the waters about it wider when they told me there were other islands and other oceans.

It was then that I made my child-vow to be a sailor, the captain of a ship like any one of the white-sailed gliding things I had seen passing from hill to shadowy hill.

My first ship was a round turnip hollowed out, with a single mast of reed, that carried stiffly a leaf for a sail. It went spinning over the dam on its rickety course.

As the water of my sea was deep enough to drown me, I was taken away from the pleasantness of that danger and the delight of my ship. That was the first great sorrow that came. Yet I was soon back again building new ships—the latter ones of wood with calico sails.

The waves rose about them fearfully, and most all foundered after bravely battling with the heavy weather.

So life went on, and next I learned that there had been children before me, and strange childhoods away back and away back, and men unlike the men I saw, yet like, and women like yet unlike the women I saw; but of these I will tell you in other letters—letters written of the first Things that came.

Later, hunting among the fern in a gully that seemed very deep to me then, I found a wild kitten—a beautiful thing in fur, all black and soft, and with blue eyes. It I took home in spite of a few scratches, and treasured greatly, but one day when I had gone out again hunting, it was given away to a covetous neighbour. To others it was only a kitten. To me it was the kitten above all cat kittens.

That was my second great sorrow, and it has remained with me, softened to regret, all through the years.

You see that so far sorrowful pages in my book were not many, yet I cannot say they found me the meek and patient boy that some boys, it is said, have been, though Love's hand was ever ready to turn the leaves to a page of joy. Even now the memory of that lost fantastic ship (with, I regret to say, a prisoned lizard for captain and crew) and the memory of the little kitten I never saw become a cat, soften my heart to the tears of a child, and when I see the tears fall I take the backwards way into the dear old childhood's land and to the home of Hearts of the Pure.

To Eva Lynn.

MY DEAR EVA LYNN,

I have not seen your face except in a dream, but I so longed to see you to-night that I have written a song, or a little poem, with your name and your face in it, and my soul. There are words you may not quite understand, for as yet knowledge is lying like a shy playfellow in your deep, dark eyes, but you will ask some of the "big guns" of your town who come to see you, and they will tell you quite gladly, for "big guns" are things with long, hard muzzles, that look very wise and solemn and that go off with a loud "bang" and hit a target—occasionally. If I were there to play with you I would be very glad. Such a long time ago since I played. And then my games were always running and striving and fighting games—"One, two, three. You're a man for me" (without the stops, of course). That was the pirate getting his crew together to sail the seas in search of pearls for coronals, Beche-de-mer (a hard, long-limbed, stooping-shouldered word) for men on the shores of the China seas, shells of the tortoise for my lady's hair, and sandalwood and wood of ebony—beautiful, for the homes of kings.

Then there was cock-fighting, in which one sometimes lost skin, and, on more glorious days, blood. Later there was "shinty," with broken heads, which was better—but it all meant one had to be quick, and brave, and enduring, and all in much more silence than these loud times would care about.

To my shame I must say that I do not know much of girls' games, for as a boy I did not love girls, being taught to look upon them as weak things easily made to cry. I had seen them crying just on being roughly spoken to, and the cane they could not endure, having a trick of pulling the hand away, as it was falling, that was laughable to the other scholars and annoying to the masters. Only, I have seen a sister looking very angry when a sister was being thrashed, and I thought it unfair that both should be punished for the fault of one, being in the belief that often the ones who are not struck with any blow that we can see, suffer the most.

Well, I would not laugh now at the sight of pain, for all the world changed with the coming of *you* into it. And I, who could jeer at the crying of a girl then, would not now swing my cane too wildly in crossing a field for fear of cutting the head off a daisy—a daisy with his golden crown.

We must make joy, not sorrow, in the world; for as many as make sorrow are hurting the great heart of love, and keeping back the time of happiness for all.

God gave us the birds, dear, to show us how sorrow should be forgotten and joy expressed, and the sparrow may often tell you as much in his little chirrup as the nightingale in his song. As for the thrushes, they are bold and glorious. Though all the earth were bankrupt they would sing, and make the hardest and most unpromising Jew lend money to get the Spring out of pawn.

I am eating cake late at night with the mice. One day I vow I will kill them, and another that I will get a cat to do the dirty work, but somehow it seems unfair—first to the mice, then to the cat. So we keep on eating late suppers, and afterwards they play the piano when they are not nesting under the keyboard. I am not as I am because thirty-five years ago I read in my school-book that a mouse helped a lion out of a net; that lesson was lost on me, as many have been since—but because I sometimes think their way of life is hard enough at times.

They do not look at all like shopkeepers, and those who have not the spirit of a shopkeeper see much goods truly—through the windows. But there are so many of us who want to idle. It is not through laziness quite. When God is going by among the flowers of the garden we like to see Him—to look lovingly in His face. When He passes in the thunder we like the awe of hearing His voice, and of seeing the flashing of His eye.

When He comes over the sea, we like to shout with the sea. And He is not angry, or He would have told us so. He knows just what sort of kiddies we are, and that we won't take as much harm as the shopkeepers do, who are busy with their hams, and jams, and cheeses—too busy looking for customers to see Him. God knows all work and no play makes dullards, where it doesn't make devils, and both are safe only in a pit.

The stars to-night were hurrying over the sky, and the moon behind them seemed to be driven by a strong and quiet wind, but the great star of all did not move. The others were like us—troubled and hastening, coming and going, burning out our little lights. The other star was like God—steadfast, calm, bright, eternal.

Good-night !

GOOD-NIGHT ! the reaper of the sky
The swathes of darkness gathers in :
Good-night ! His harvest home is nigh ;
Good-night, good-night, loved Eva Lynn !

Good-night ! good-night ! the morning turns
And waves his hand way down the track ;
Far off his smoky censer burns
And brightens as he hastens back.

He will come soon with rosy cheeks,
He will come soon with laughing eyes ;
All streams will answer when he speaks,
All oceans make him low replies.

And all the sunflowers in a row
Will turn their faces unto him,
And wear again the golden glow
They lost when all the world was dim.

Good-night ! he'll catch me wide-awake,
And scold me from his clouds above :
God keep you, child, for Jesus' sake,
Within His good-night house of love !

Eva Lynn.

THERE is a song within my heart
Set to a loving tune,
More like the spirit's counterpart
Than earth is like the moon.

My heart was large enough for me
Until that song stole in—
A white-winged dove of melody—
My sweetheart—Eva Lynn.

In starless hours above the dark,
On wings that never tire,
It rises higher than the lark
Where the wide blue takes fire.

And where it joins the limitless
Orion's sworded arm
Near wounding it, doth closely press
With overpowering charm.

The man within the moon in vain
Upon his violin
Would imitate the glad refrain—
Thy name, loved Eva Lynn.

And men on Mars who sing and row
Upon the broad canal,
Their brave, bronzed faces all aglow,
List to the madrigal.

It rings and sings on holy days
Like merry-making streams,
And angels hear on heav'nly ways
My angelus in dreams.

Far, far from earth a lullaby
Blown o'er the golden wall,
To happy children of the sky
It sounds, a silver call.

It wanders like a wind, and thrills
The meadows wide and broad,
That bloom with dewy daffodils
Before the House of God.

Whene'er I close my eyes to pray
"God keep me clean from sin,"
A something leads my lips to say
"God keep *you*, Eva Lynn."

That song of you is old, as old
As is the tune of me,
And yet on lisping lips or cold
It makes pure melody.

That song in every land they sing
And in the Milky Way:
It is the stars the *angels* string,
To make my *rosary*.

Its two white hands to God held up,
Will He not take it thus,
As though it were a loving cup—
My love-born angelus?

Roses.

AND now the night is here, and the wind is ebbing and flowing like a great tide round the shining shores of the moon, and the moonlit shores of the earth.

I have been thinking of roses all day—that is, when I have time for fragrant thoughts in moments stolen from the sober, brown thoughts of work.

I wondered if at first, in the first Garden, there was one lonely rose, as there was one lonely man, and from wondering I came to believe that it *was* so—and then I wanted to know why one rose was red and the other rose was white, and from wondering I came to know, for if you strive long, working out the sum of truth as you work out your sum at school, the good spirit gives you the right answer. He does not come and do the figures for you, and put down the answer with his pencil. He leaves you to think you are doing all, while he is working in your heart and head. He leaves you to do it, so that you may have the joy of the finished work. He does the same with the man who makes the engine and the man who makes the ship—with the artist and with the music man. Even the monkey on the barrel-organ thinks sometimes that he composed the tune, though it may have been Beethoven, or Handel, or Mozart who did that, before the

monkey left his forest tree or the winds among the talking rocks of Barbary.

But to come back to the roses.

After my little sum of thought, which I took to the good spirit, and which he, in his kind way, marked "correct" by the sign of a star, I had this answer: In the first Garden, first of all there was the man Rose, the red rose—beautiful, fragrant, lonely, fed by the sun and the moon, and the stars and the dew. It was doing its little sum of thought.

The first day it thought—"The King Sun must be lonely all alone up there in the wide and high heaven!" But when night came with this same moon I see, the man Rose knew that the King Sun had a white, shining, beautiful, sky love, less haughty but more fair than himself.

And when the first star came out in the first night, the man Rose said—"That is a lonely star up in the evening!" but another star came out to see. Then no star came out but another came to see, until the heavens were full, and many, and many were waiting their turn below the horizon to play "I spy" in the sky.

One day the first man of men went by, and leaning on him, her tawny hair upon her head like a crown and about her breasts and body like a burnished veil, went the woman of women.

She stayed a moment by the man Rose, and her shining eyes went to its soul as she said—"Beautiful flower" (and her voice was like rain and sunshine,

the gold of corn and the rhythm of the seas),
“beautiful flower, where in all the glad green
earth is *your* love?”

Then the little sum of the man Rose became a great sum—greater still when the birds came and the amber and purple grapes hung from their trellises and from the sun-kissed walls of the garden.

One day the angel of the garden also went by, and the man Rose prayed the first prayer of the garden. The prayer was white as the angel was white—pure as the angel was pure. It was a living prayer of dew and moonlight, edged by the glory that throbs in the dawn.

Then the Red man Rose, happy in knowing that the angel had seen the prayer, went to sleep and dreamed the prayer all over again, and when it awoke, *the prayer was blooming beside it*. The White Rose the Queen Rose, the prayer that was made of the dew and the moonlight, and the pulsing part of the dawn, had taken shape, and the Red man Rose and the White Queen Rose rejoiced.

So your prayers will take shape, so your thoughts will bloom, dear child-love, until you have a Paradise all full of fadeless flowers.

Some day I may tell you of the Wind, and of where it learned to speak, and what makes it glad and what makes it sorrowful, and of the other sums the great Spirit Master gives to me; but now, to you be the goodness of night, and rosy thoughts to greet the *Rose of Dawn!*

The Master and the Flowers.

WITHIN a wood of green and gold
With reeded rivers running round,
A garden in the days of old
Was planted on a rood of ground.

An earthly chamber of delight
It seemed to pilgrims thither borne:
There often came Imperial Night,
And after Night the radiant Morn.

Along the paths they loved to walk
With plumed and haughty turbaned heads,
Like Rajahs listening to the talk
Of rills on Indian watersheds.

At times, too, longing to be kissed,
Or better still to kiss the flowers,
Came eagerly the Moon and Mist,
The rain and its attendant showers.

The wind and sun allegiance paid—
Wise Magi of the East and West—
And calmed white combers sank embayed
About that haunted Isle of Rest.

26 THE MASTER AND THE FLOWERS.

Such peace was there one scarcely heard,
Or heard while hardly knowing it,
In every slumb'rous bush the bird
Whose song kept overflowing it.

Yet, sad to tell, there came, too, pain,
Into that glade of gold and green,
When one suggested that, to reign,
They should appoint an Empire-Queen.

One thought herself the flower most rare,
And claimed at once the crown as hers;
Another deemed herself most fair,
And she had also followers.

All day the talk on reigning ran,
By night the flowers dreamed of it,
Yet no one could devise a plan
To make the crown and claimants fit.

And now upon the river's face
Came little wrinkles care-bestowed:
And oft-times coming to the place
The Rajahs nearly lost the road.

And somehow, for the birds are wise,
Their early twittering sounded sad,
And somehow in the starry eyes
Of night, the gleam was not so glad.

THE MASTER AND THE FLOWERS. 27

Then as the flowers talked and talked
Of which should be the Empire-Queen,
The Master in his garden walked
From out the wood of gold and green.

He touched the lily and he smiled,
And said—"Ah, white one, what is this?
I pray you do not be beguiled
By Power, when Purity is bliss."

He touched the rose: "Ah, Rose," he said,
"Are *you* ambitious for the crown?
Think how a Queen may lose her head
For just a little brief renown.

"And you, O you sweet violet!
I must refuse a crown to you,
Tho' well I know the mignonette
Would be your maid of honour true.

"I would not think you half as sweet,
Or half as modest on a throne,
With satraps kneeling at your feet,
And fools to flatter you alone."

With kindly voice he spoke to all
The families of chrysanthemums;
He kissed them where they graced the hall—
The pink and red geraniums.

28 THE MASTER AND THE FLOWERS.

And "Children mine," the Master said,
 "Had I been here this had not been:
I have a crown for every head,
 And each of you shall be a Queen.

"By wafted wind, by carried clod,
 Your seed shall leave its place of birth
To be the messengers of God
 To every island of the earth.

"Each lily shall be queenly then,
 And queenly shall all roses be;
Their Empires shall be hearts of men
 And Angels, that they cannot see.

"Lo, into each is glory spilled,
 And it shall be required of her,
Whene'er her mission, all fulfilled,
 In room, on road, or sepulchre.

"She gives her soul, as Jesus gave
 His life, not much esteeming it,
Unto a world He longed to save
 For gladness of redeeming it."

The Rose of Paradise.

By a long and lonely river
In a valley tempest-torn,
Of the land of Never-never,
Was the rose of sorrow born.

And those lovers life has parted,
Or the closing of the tomb,
Journey thither broken-hearted,
Looking for the fateful bloom.

By a long and laughing river,
In a valley bright and broad,
Of forever and forever,
Blooms the radiant rose of God.

There the lovers that were parted,
Tell their love through angel eyes,
Round the rose-tree happy-hearted,
Round the rose of Paradise.

Where the Fairies Play.

OVER the tops of the purple hills,
Where the para shakes each frond,
Over the gullies and gliding creeks,
O'er the highest spire of the far, dim peaks,
And past all the blue beyond—
Is a land of dreams, near a land of sleep,
Where fairies, we know, all their jewels keep.

Over the edge of the rounded blue,
Where the green waves swing and rock,
Over the curl of the breaking waves,
Over the beryl the red gold paves,
Is a gate with a magic lock,
And when still night comes you may turn the key,
And see what the fairies would have you see.

Some in their robes of purple pass,
Some in their robes of green,
And some, in orange and blue and gray,
Skip over the clouds on a pale moon-ray,
In the train of the fairy queen—
Skip in her train thro' the long cloud-bars,
In the wake of her chariot drawn by stars.

If you leave your window unblind at night,
 If you have no fear at all,
 Be you little boy, be you little maid,
 When the moon-rays sleep in the bush-rimmed
 glade,
 Or full on your window fall,
 You may climb a ray, you may take a peep
 At the fairy world, if you do not sleep.

Over the rim of the great round moon,
 If good thro' the day you've been,
 In the farthest far of the blue, blue skies
 You will see a hundred and hundred eyes,
 That watch for the fairy queen;
 If you listen you'll know when her bright train
 comes,
 By the beat of a thousand fairy drums,

Over the tops of the snowy peaks,
 Where the fretted frostwork lies,
 Where the stooping edge of the starred blue rests
 On the high and the hoary mountain crests,
 That stick like teeth in the skies;
 If you watch till dawning awakes the day,
 You will see the land where the fairies play.

You and I and the Angels.

In some far day when the world is old,
 You and I and the angels
Will climb up a mountain made of gold,
 You and I and the angels.

We'll go on a long, long flight away,
 You and I and the angels,
Over the rounded roof of Day,
 You and I and the angels.

We'll fly past the rim of the great sky plains,
 You and I and the angels,
And swing on the hairs of the comets' manes,
 You and I and the angels.

Some day, some day, from the heights afar,
 You and I and the angels,
Will join in a race with a falling star,
 You and I and the angels.

We'll find where the earthquake battery bides,
 You and I and the angels,
And watch while the round moon lures the tides,
 You and I and the angels.

Some day, some day, when our flight is done,
 Yours and mine and the angels',
We'll stand in the doors of the Rising Sun,
 You and I and the angels.

The River of Stars.

I took a little ship last night,
She was moored in a lotus stream,
And I warped her round
And I went without sound
Past the land of the Lily-white Dream,
And out and over the heavenly seas
Between red Mars and the Hyades.

I sailed my little ship last night
On, on down the river of Stars,
And fast to each shroud
Was a silver cloud
For a sail on her rainbow spars.
I sailed till I saw in the farthest skies
The harbour lights of my little love's eyes.

I'll take Love's little ship each night
And sail as I sailed before,
By your eyes far light
To the land Delight
On the sea called Evermore.
And when life is o'er I'll return no more,
But stay in Love-land for Evermore.

Song of Jesus.

LOWLY to the manger
With His star above
Jesus came, a stranger
From the land of love.

He had no attendant
Host of Seraphim,
No soft folds resplendent
Swathed each rosy limb.

On the hills o'ertopping
Lovely Olivet,
In the vale down-dropping
To Genessaret.

By the brook of Kedar
When the day had gone,
'Neath a lordly cedar
Crowning Lebanon.

On the heights of Tabor
Under Hermon's snow,
Led by pray'r or labour
He went to and fro.

Envy, Hate, and Error
Fled the paths He trod,
Till the day of Terror
Hailed Him home to God.

Jesus reigns in heaven,
Crowned by God's right hand,
Near the sisters Seven
In the Starry Land.

There the light that lies on
Vale and mount and stream,
Floods the whole horizon
Like Aurora's dream.

There Life's tree is growing
On the dewy lawn,
There in beauty blowing
Blooms the Rose of Dawn.

There white winds of laughter
Blow and never cease,
While there follow after
Lilied streams of Peace.

Thro' the ages fleeting,
Like a moment's breath,
Downward leans He greeting
Souls that rise from death.

SONG OF JESUS.

Weary, footsore, bleeding,
Come they unto Him,
Star-eyed angels leading,
And the Cherubim.

Bells of heaven breaking
Into chorus, ring,
Like old poets waking,
Born again, to sing.

Seraphs without number,
To the Souls' surprise,
Blow the haunting slumber
From their tired eyes.

He whose life was lowly
Knows all pain that smarts,
Pours sweet oil and holy
Into aching hearts.

For in Life's dead embers
His brave eyes can see
Tears the Cross remembers,
And Gethsemane.

And the God who sees us
And our little woes,
Leaves them all to Jesus,
Knowing *Jesus knows*.

For the price that bought Him,
And the scourge that fell,
With the thorn-crown taught Him
All the earth can tell.

Measure heaped on measure
Gives He love for scorn,
Pleasure plumed with pleasure
For ills nobly born.

Could stone Gods that blindly
Walk *one* world from birth
Be one half as kindly
As our Prince of Earth.

Who in life's to-morrow,
Soon to be our own,
Deep will bury sorrow
Underneath His throne.

For with little clamour,
Simply robed and shod,
He with saw and hammer
Built a bridge to God.

Twinkle, the Star.

TWINKLE, the Star, was an orb of some importance. It was his first appearance so far as the Earth was concerned, and he wished to make a decided impression. Though the light of other stars was rushing to Earth at the rate of many millions of miles an hour, he was unaware of the fact, and considered himself the only world of his order.

He was talking to himself when I first came to know him, and he said, "I'll rise early and have a look at the sun before he goes down." So he climbed the green slope of the sea, and looked with wonder on a school of whales that were spouting great jets of water into the calm air.

"Hullo!" he shouted; "the watch dogs are out. I'd better get along." He wanted to see the men of the earth who lived on the plain behind the high mountains, so he rose quickly over the low foot hills, topped a range, and halted, wondering. Range beyond range the mountains rose towards the snowy Sierras in the west. The pause of Twinkle, the Star, if it could be called a pause, was only momentary. "This won't do," he said; "I must be getting on, or it will be dark before I arrive at the valley."

On he went and up he went, and at last he appeared over the valley just on the peak of a snowy spire that seemed to pierce the floor of the high heavens.

Below him spread the valley and the plain, with oat-fields and wheat-fields, fields of green grass, long rivers winding down from the hills, washing the feet of quivering reeds, orchards heavy with ripe fruit, hedges that blossomed with May.

New-shorn sheep dotted the pastures like great flakes of new-fallen snow, between which the cattle slowly moved, grave as deacons at a sacrament.

A thousand pillars of smoke rose towards him through the quiet air. Men walked and children ran, and the beautiful faces of women were lifted to his, like the faces of nuns at adoration.

Twinkle, the Star, gasped. The beauty of it all took his breath away. But he was not to be overawed. "Now," he said, "I mean to make things brighter. The sun has gone. I'll have the sky to myself."

He proceeded to give effect to his words, while he watched attentively to see how the people below were taking it.

A group of children, tired of play, gathered together on the green, and one of them, looking up, exclaimed, "What's that up there like a golden bee?"

All the children looked, and one, more wise than

the others, cried out, "Oh, a star, a star!" for spears of light seemed to flash out from the far-off world, and the sight of these formed in his mind the word that had been uttered for the first time.

Twinkle was delighted at the applause his appearance had called forth. "I think," he said, "I'll shine some more." And as the darkness deepened his light increased, but the moon rose, and somehow Twinkle got into the path of the moon, and that took the shine out of him a whole lot.

Then for a time every one forgot Twinkle, the Star, in looking at the moon, but they came back to him again, and he didn't sulk a bit. He was shining away quite merrily.

Twinkle, the Star, heard a voice at his elbow saying, "How do you do?" He turned, and behold, another star, and another and another. He felt inclined to say, "You're rather cheeky in making your appearance here without my permission," but on second thoughts he remembered he didn't own the sky. "I'm quite well, thank you."

So they fell to talking, and the second star said, "If you don't mind, I'll journey with you. There are lots of things to be seen, and two are company, you know. You can explain to me what I don't understand, and I will do the same for you."

By this time star after star had made its appearance, until the heavens were a perfect jungle of light. A swarm of golden bees had come from

east and west, meeting where the heavens are highest.

"Who are these?" asked Twinkle, the Star, of his companion. "Let me introduce you," said the second star that came. "The bright red star you see near the moon is called Antares. I know the names of almost all the stars, as they were fellow-travellers of mine on the way down. Antares is in the Scorpion. You can see him flourishing his curved sting, with the twin stars in it, as if he were about to strike. Is he not beautiful, in all his winding curves of light, with Antares, the brightest gem, for a heart?"

"Venus you see sinking in the west, and low down, away in the north, there goes Mercury, setting too. In the north, too, see, Regulus is shining, and Mars, the red world, is just coming up over the eastern mountains.

"Antares, Spica, Arcturus, are the three kings of heaven, making three lines of light that form a shape that even the men of Earth cannot miss seeing."

So the second star told all the names of his fellow-travellers—of constellations, and planets, and star clusters, of moons and suns that shone with emerald and ruby lights, and Twinkle, the Star, who thought to have Heaven to himself, began to feel somewhat humble, as he lost himself in the awful magnificence of the ever out-reaching sky.

"Excuse me," exclaimed a comet in his ear, "but you're standing on my tail."

Twinkle, the Star, shifted his position, and politely replied, "I'm sorry, but there appears to be room for us all."

The comet passed in haughty grandeur.

"Now," said the second star, as an unseen orchestra began to play, "you'd better join the dance with us all. It's about to begin." So away they went and away they went, waltzing, whirling, ever towards the west.

Twinkle, the Star, clasped his partner with long arms of light, and it was merry going up and down the sky.

In a pause of the dance Twinkle, the Star, and his partner looked over the balcony of Heaven and shone full on the Earth, the moon having gone under a cloud to place some more pearl-powder upon her face.

A man, looking out of a tower-like house through a long telescope as big as a cannon, that revolved as the stars went round, watched the doings up above. He also took the heavens by sections, photographed them, drew charts of them, and made notes of all the movements of the dancers.

"That fellow must know something," said Twinkle, the Star. They distinctly heard him say, "I must keep my eye on you young people, and know exactly where to find you."

A man with a lean figure and long hair, walking solemnly through the night and gazing up, began to chant "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star."

Twinkle, the Star, smiled. "Certainly," he said, addressing no one in particular that could hear. "By all means. Though not for poetical reasons, of course; I'll twinkle just because it suits me to. But how does he know my name?"

A meteor went rushing and flaming by.

"Good gracious," said Twinkle's partner, "I thought my head had gone. The authorities should certainly regulate the speed of these bodies. Anything over a million miles a second should be considered too fast. Only fancy what would happen if that thing struck a skylark."

Twinkle, the Star, and his partner resumed their waltzing towards the west. They appeared now like a double star of fiery red and bright emerald, beautiful indeed to the man with his eye still fastened to the gun-like telescope that followed the moving heavens.

Suddenly there was a crash, and Twinkle, the Star, felt angry. They saw a figure hurrying away. "Another of those worlds," he said, "that don't carry a light. What sort of by-laws have they here, and where are the police?"

"The by-law is not enforced," said his partner sweetly, "when the moon is shining."

Then all around them came a rain of little stars—a rain of rosy light.

“I wonder what these fireworks mean?” said Twinkle’s partner.

“Fireworks, no doubt,” he replied. “Possibly the American fleet has been signalled.”

They waltzed on and on, talking as they went of the people of the world.

“What funny little people they are,” said the partner of Twinkle, the Star; “they actually think there’s nothing alive except in their little back-garden of a place, and that we are simply here for decorative purposes, and to save them lanterns when they are going home of nights. They think they run us on purely business lines. Sometimes I get out of patience with them. In fact I get into bad moods, and absolutely refuse to shine. I think it ungrateful.”

“I don’t know if it is ingratitude so much as thoughtlessness,” said Twinkle, the Star.

“They are equally bad,” was the reply. “To be thoughtless is to be ungrateful, for gratitude cannot forget.”

“Perhaps,” said Twinkle, the Star, and after a long pause, again “perhaps.”

The dawn began to flush the eastern hills, and silence fell between the two whirling spheres going down the steeps of heaven to meet the rose tints that would soon appear. The last sound that they

heard in the pensive darkness came from the room of a little sick child, beside whom was a patient, white-faced mother.

“Oh, mummy, I feel so much better. *Do* raise the blind and let me see the stars.”

And the mother raised the blind, and the child looked with loving eyes upon Twinkle, the Star, and his partner, and said, “What a beautiful mind God must have to think of making the stars for us.”

And Twinkle, the Star, hearing, said to his partner ere they winked and blinked and went out—“Perhaps, after all, we *were* made for them and not to shine for ourselves. I rather think——” a long, long pause . . . his light leaped up for a moment—“I rather think I love the little people of the Earth because of that child.”

And the partner of Twinkle, the Star, said, “Because of that I will shine forever and forever—*all I know.*”

But the white-faced woman said, lifting her eyes to heaven—

“And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll.”

A sound aroused her from her dream-prayer.

She turned to that side from which the sound came, and it seemed to her to become a light that shone brighter than any star.

The Angel of the Dawn stood beside her.

The Wind, and when it Spoke.

ONCE, in the very Pit of Night, there began to live a little Spirit of no name—a weak, unseeing, formless Thing, that yet was dear to the Spirit of the Pit of Darkness, that lived childless in the skyey hinterland, where, with it, the little Spirit was the only living thing.

Once on a day it happened that the early men were gathered round a great field of standing corn, very white unto the harvest. They were standing idly, with their sickles gleaming in the occasional glimpses of sunshine coming like huge fans of light through and between the curtains of cloud that were draping the heavens. They were standing idly, thinking of the waiting, hungry millstones, with the early women by them, and of the children that ran clamouring to the early women for bread, for they had grown tired of the fruits of the earth that gave life less abundantly.

The reapers were idle, for there had lately been great weeping from the stars because the moon for a season had gone blind with a fearful shadow over its light, and the sun had also for a little season withdrawn himself into the secret and cloudy places

of the sky, mourning for the sorrow that had overtaken his love.

Because of all these things, heavily upon the bearded corn the sparkling dew was beaded, stirring not to the beat of over-flying wings nor passing into air at the prayers of the harvesters.

Then came the Angel of the Harvest downward from his empty garner in the sky unto the idle harvesters, who said—

“The sun is not as merry as of old; he is miserly of his rays, and the chaff clings to the grain like a wet garment. The millstones grind upon each other, and the bellies of the children are murmuring, sick for bread. Surely the Angel of the Harvest did not foresee the falling of this pestilent dew.”

Only for a moment the face of the Angel of the Harvest seemed troubled. Then he turned him about, and circling the Universe came to the Pit of Darkness, where lay the little, troubled, sightless Spirit that the Spirit of the Pit of Darkness had prisoned because of love.

And the Angel of the Harvest took the small Spirit into his hand, and blew upon it with his breath, and it went forth glad, seeing, hastening, until it came to the region of light, where the stars cheered it going by, twinkling merrily upon its flight.

But, coming to one great band of stars that barred the sky, its course was stayed, and there

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it began to moan with the first moan, and to cry with the first cry, and to beat with its hands upon the band of stars, until the Angel of the Harvest came up with it, and stilled its crying. For the Angel with his two strong hands pressed upon the band of stars, and caused a great gateway to open in the firmament, through which the Wind, no longer a little Spirit, but grown strong, forced its way to earth and came suddenly upon the harvest-field.

Over and through the ripened corn it crooned and crooned, beauty waking it to song. Over the ripened corn it poised and hovered, and down upon it it swooped like a bird, scattering the dew in a diamond rain upon the ground, coming and going among the ripened ears of corn and among the yellow locks of the harvesters, who knew only that an unseen Spirit was passing, giving out a living and fragrant breath that made the field billow like the sea. And because it was clear and billowy and wavy among the seeding grass and the corn, and made liquid noises between the leaves, and because they had called the other Spirit—that made a more open sound at its beginning of speech, and a harder and more warring sound at the end, *Water*, they called the thin, quick, unseen, hastening spirit *Wind*, which word holds all the Spirit of the Thing that the Angel of the Harvest brought into light and glory from the Pit of Darkness.

Then because of the coming of the new Spirit, the harvesters blessed the Harvest Wind and the Angel of the Harvest. The sickles shore the corn, now grown dry and hard and ready for the hungry, waiting mills, and soon to be beautiful brown bread for the early women and their children. And the gateway in the firmament through which the Wind came, by the power of the strong hands of the Angel of the Harvest, remains open and starless to this day, and through it you may see the mouth of the Pit of Darkness in the broad path of the Milky Way.

Now the Spirit of the Pit of Darkness, through all the years that have gone, remained angry because of the Spirit it had loved and lost. So between these two there is everlasting war. When the Wind roars it is conqueror. When it wails the darkness has it by the hair. When it moans and sighs, it moans and sighs over the long, lost years it spent in the prison-house. But when it goes laughing among the corn it is the First Wind, the Best Wind, the breath that was breathed into it at the beginning, when the Angel of the Harvest blew it from his hand to make glad the hearts of the waiting harvesters.

This is all of the birth and speech of the brother to the Water, that is called the Wind.

The Wind.

THE first wind, the best wind
That ever yet was born,
Is the west wind, the kind wind,
The wind that shakes the corn.

*Who sow not shall mow not,
This is his ancient tale:
To know me but show me
The sickle and the flail.*

I say not I may not
Have also work to do
In far-lands and star-lands
Where harvests ripen too.

The wind's track, the mind's track,
Are known alone to these,
As foam-ways on home-ways
To ships upon the seas.

No fears stay the year's way
Thro' thunder, fire, and foam,
The wild day, the mild day,
All bring the harvest home.

For true men, but few men,
I never blew in vain:
My laughter flies after
The chaff that leaves the grain.

For ever I sever
Too close-wedded calms,
On highlands in islands
Of coral and of palms.

Be near me to cheer me
The high priest of the air,
Who makes sure and makes pure
All harvests everywhere.

For east winds and west winds,
And winds of north and south,
Are blown as and known as
The speech of God's own mouth.

He takes them and wakes them
With peace or with a sword,
And moves them and proves them
The servants of the Lord.

Woo, the Love of Man.

It was after the river of darkness had taken the fire from the risen sun, and the lights—white, yellow and violet, and orange and blue—had each separated themselves in coming through the mist to make a glory for some particular flower, that she sat in her honeysuckle arbour, weaving at her loom to the singing of a noonday nightingale.

On the green-topped hills the white sheep were grazing. Wool from these, that she had gathered in the thorn brakes, lay like a heap of foam at her feet, and ever to the growing of the web from the woof, she too sang in happy chorus with the bird.

Wine-coloured blood from rare berries she took when the weaving was done, and dyed the garment she had made. Then, for the glory of her night-shadowed hair, she made a band of living wool, red as the plumes of a flamingo's wing. Robing, she girded herself with a broad band of seaweed, clasped with a coral clasp that had been washed up by the river-tide. Flowers caught in her hair trembled as with excess of happiness, the envy of all those on shrub and sward.

Moving with the easy, effortless gait of a fawn, she came to a crystal pool sleeping in a rock of

alabaster, and beheld her image in the water, and it was beautiful.

Gazing at it she became aware of another image that drew near to her own, with eyes full of wonder and amazement. Looking up and across to the other brink of the pool, she beheld a strange figure with flowing hair and beard, and clothed to the waist in a leopard-skin robe held upon it by a girdle and narrow shoulder-straps. The great hairy arms were thus left free. From one hand, reaching to the knee, trailed a long-shafted spear, glimmering where it was not sheathed in crusted blood; and in the other, by the loose shag skin of the neck, hung a gray wolf with fallen jaw and drooping head.

Surely, she thought, this is Early Man, whose strange cries I have so often heard, wondering and half-fearful, coming from the depths of the forest—the Thing of Fear, from which the wild beasts flee to their bone-littered dens in the caves of the mountains.

A little while they gazed at each other, while all the time the beating heart of the one seemed to say “This is Man of my own kind,” and the bounding heart of the other, “Surely this is Woo, the Love of Man.”

He made a movement towards her and his lips parted as if he would have spoken yet had been stricken dumb, when she, overcome with sudden

fear at the tall and hairy form, the dead wolf and the bloody spear, hurried away like a driven wind.

To himself the man simply said "This is no beast, that I should give chase." Then he looked into the crystal pool with devouring eyes to see if the image would come again. He knew not if she were a thing of Earth or Water, for the image had been as clear as the beautiful form and face, and at the one moment It and She had fled. Then he understood, for in the water was the man he was not, and on the bank stood the *man he was*.

While the Beautiful One sat and wove and wondered, at many an eventime from a rock across the water, that stood like a tower above an ocean of branches, came the plaintive notes of a pipe. Over there it seemed a star had fallen to earth, for a light twinkled all night long. She thought that the music lit the star each evening and made it to shine.

Through the day little wisps of vapour rose from the trees, clinging about their topmost branches, and Woo, the Love of Man, wondered what manner of Being or of Spirit had in its home a star and a cloud, and a voice unlike the voice of any other living thing.

When the first rain came she wondered more, and the forest grew to be a lonely place.

By the track she took to the waterside she found at times beautiful furs of sable, and of white, black

and brown and tawny skins, and, as she was not a killer of beasts, she took these and wore them when the wind came through the bower to make her tremble like the leaves. Then a sickness seemed to take the trees, and from many of them the leaves fell.

The nightingale had gone, and taken the flowers with him. The sheep were huddled under the shelter of the little hills, that had lost their first sweet greenness. The river ran chilly and it moaned, having too large a burden of waters to bear. Then from the wings of the sky, as the leaves had fallen from the trees, white feathers began to fall, until all the world was white as the wool from which she had woven her splendid robe.

A bear came and looked at her with wicked little eyes. A big wolf went slinking by.

Woo, the Love of Man, also fell sick, like the leaves and the trees, and lay looking with dreamy, desolate eyes up into the bare and songless branches. Yet nightly the music lit the star, and came to her with haunting sounds, seeming to say—

“Woo, the Love of Man,
Come to the cloud and fire,
All the streams that ran
Seem in the frost to tire.
The river makes no sound,
The leaves lie dead on the ground:
The earth must soon expire,

Come to the cloud and fire
That the wind blows like a fan.
All that your wants require
Is here with the cloud and fire,
You are my heart's desire—
Woo, the Love of Man."

She slept, and in her waking dream she heard the sound of a passing footstep. By her couch there was a steaming bowl of milk. She thought of the cloud upon the rock, and, hesitating at first, she sipped, and then drank with joy, finding the warm life coming back to every vein, and beating there in a gladsome way.

Still she grew weaker and weaker, sleeping heavily and dreaming of the lost time of roses and of the nightingale, and in the last dream she felt herself passing again through the forest. She was being borne by some gentle but unknown power, so she did not trouble any. She did not call out or cry; it seemed that her mother, the Earth, had been unkind, and that the new and loving power was taking her away from it to a twinkling star.

When she awoke from a long, long sleep she was looking into the eyes of Man. She had no fear now. The warm rugs heaped upon her and about were like things of slumber that glowed upon her, and gave peace to the breath she breathed.

The walls of the cavern were hung too with slumber skins—with spears and bows and arrows,

with tusks of boars and claws of bears and lions, and with the brave antlered heads of many stags. She was not at all afraid.

He knelt to her, and he took her hand and he kissed it. He touched her hair, her brow, her lips, lovingly with his lips.

He gave her meat to eat, whispering, when she questioned him—"I am Man—the Mateless Man," and she answering, with the lost nightingale in her voice—"I am Woo, the Love of Man."

Love.

In a desert place
Love may fainting lie,
But upon her face
Dreams that cannot die
Keep her eyes alight
Thro' the darkest night.

I have seen a trace
Of her footfalls when
In a silent place
Far away from men
I have gone to speak
With a lonely creek.

Where the brown bee sips
From the mignonette,
I have seen her lips
Shape a violet,
And the joyous Earth
Pulsing with her mirth.

I have felt her breath
Stirring in my hair,

When I lay with Death
 Laughing in his lair—
(For I could not fear,
Knowing love so near).

I can hear a sound,
 And I do rejoice,
From the underground
 Of her quiet voice,
And it seems to say,
“*Love will call to-day.*”

Love *has* called to say,
 “ I shall never tire,
Telling all the day
 Love is Cloud and fire,
Married mignonette
And the Violet.”

For each faded flower
 Wake one with a kiss:
For each lonely hour
 Make a joy in this:
Make the rose to be —
Love's Eternity.

Love that was Ill.

My love lay ill, and in each failing sense
Life's flame burned lower as the days burned by
Until in my despair I sought the sky
And took the sun into my confidence:
I had no store of silver or of pence
To place before him his good gifts to buy,
Only the tears that fall when sad hearts cry
Without a sound thro' silences intense.

Yet with compassion thro' the glowing day
He listening leaned, and pitying gave to me
Flowers for her couch made cool with dew that slips,
Filtered thro' star-sands of the Milky Way,
Fruits from the branches of the Healing Tree,
And wine that turned to laughter on her lips.

The Little Folks who Came.

It was after the first war that the man with the long body and the short arms and legs looked down from his hill-top with red eyes into the valley that was full of gorged and feeding vultures.

The great fire had swept through the bush, making of it a blackened ruin, on which the rains fell dismally, and over which the winds moaned, whirling the ashes where the sun had dried them.

All the game had fled before the flaming enemy to other shelters, where, timid and fearful, they were in hiding after the dreadful happenings.

Life was a hard time for the man, and the wife, and the little child in the fern-hid cave.

Day by day the hunter went forth after the frightened deer, and almost as often he returned hungry and sick at heart to his gloomy home.

By day the woman, too, went forth on the food-search. Stealthily she went along the deep gullies, fishing in their streams with hooks made of hard bone, baited with bright paua shells, and looking also to the traps that she had set for eels, which seldom contained anything, for the waters, like the land, were strangely empty.

With what burning eyes she would watch her line cast into the mystery of a deep pool for any little movement, hoping and fearing—to heart sickness!

As the days went by she could not well attend to the half-hopeless fishing, for a fever came to the little girl-child, and the woman stayed to nurse her as much as she might—to put out the fever-fire that burned on the sweet lips with draughts of cold water from a gourd when the little moaning cry smote on her heart.

The enemy still prowled near the rocky hill, but the only path they knew to it was fearfully steep, and guarded by huge stones that the man had gathered and poised in readiness to roll down upon any who might be bold enough to attempt that way. Though the prowlers had had their lesson, by turns the man and woman guarded it night and day, so that by their hunting and their fishing and their watching the child was left much alone. The back of the hill was formed by a deep gorge, down the faces of which streamed fan-like shapes of water over the smooth rock, yet from ledge to ledge the man had fastened long creepers taken from the trees to make a perilous ladder, and it was down this that one went while the other watched by the rocking-stones. Most often the man went, and always he turned with fierce questionings—"Did she eat?" "Did she drink?" "Did she call?" "Did she open her eyes?" And as the answer was, he went softly

to and fro, stood looking and looking as still as a stone, or crouched in the dark of the cavern, his head bowed to his knees or lower. Through one day of pain they watched her together, forgetting the hunting and the enemy.

In the evening she grew still and cold, and they said, "This is Death," but it was not death—only a deep, deep sleep. After the deep, deep sleep, the child opened her eyes; they were deep and dark, yet bright, and full of strange knowledge, as though she had been to a far country, and had seen things the man and the woman had never seen.

Her hands were white and thin and shaky, and full of a network of little blue streams, in which the pulses just feebly throbbed along.

The whole body was wasted by fever as if by famine.

One day she laughed, and the man was full of a trembling happiness. He, too, was thin. From hunger and watching he had become as gaunt as a half-blinded wolf that cannot see to kill.

When the child called for food, they went together to far places in the bush to look for late fruits, or to try to snare a bird, that they might make broth from it for her, or tempt her appetite with a little of the breast-meat to make her strong again.

The child was left alone.

There were no playmates for her, yet she did not moan or cry. From a long day's sleep she would

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wake to see the shadows about the cave-mouth deepening into the dark, and the glow-worms shining out of it like stars from a midnight sky.

One day, feeling stronger than she had felt all through her sickness, she sighed and longed for a playfellow; and looking out of the cave-mouth, she saw the lights of a rainbow, and amid the light little folks with smiling faces that came nearer and nearer, stretching out their hands to her.

They made curls in her hair. They touched her on the hot eyelids and made them cool. They kissed her on the lips, and their kisses were better than cooling draughts from any gourd, so she loved them and she said, "Who are you?"

And they answered, "We are the Little Folks—the fairy folks—*the folks who come.*"

And she answered again, "Where do you come from?"

And they answered again, "The Rainbow-land."

And she asked yet again, "Who gave you wings?"

And they answered again, "They were given to us by Happy Thought."

Still she questioned them, and they answered—

"Who gave you Life?"

"The sun and the moon and the stars and the maker of the rain."

"Who sent you here?"

"We just came."

“And why did you come?”

“To be your playfellows, and to ask you to be our playfellow.”

“Will you stay with me?”

“We will stay while you are alone. We always stay with the lonely.”

And so they talked and talked, busying with her hair, her little thin hands, and her long, dark eyelashes.

Then they sang a lullaby, and when the little child-love of the brave man and the brave woman awoke she was laughing at some funny speech a fairy had made, and the brave man and the brave woman were by her side with milk and honey.

She drank eagerly, and she took the sweets the wild bees had gathered for her, and the gaunt man took her in his arms and kissed her again and again, and the gaunt woman took her from the gaunt man and held her to her heart, while the tears fell silently as she crooned and crooned in simple sounds like those the clear running waters make.

Day by day when the man and the woman were away the little folks came, and child-love talked and laughed and grew strong.

They made the tired head well; they fanned the hot cheeks with their little wings; they gave her cooling kisses for her lips; they made the sea of her hair billow in happy waves of gold; and they said—

“You are so good, you are so patient, you are so

brave, we must love you always; and when you are lonely, call to us, and we will come. A long, long way off we can hear a heart calling, and we always answer when it is kind and brave. Good-bye now, and good-bye. You are well and strong; you can walk; you can run. When others are sick, be kind and loving to them, and tell them when they are fretful to forget to fret, and to be patient and kind and loving too, and we will be their friends also, and they will be the friends of the Little Folks who Came."

The Rainbow Bridge.

Two little folk—they were fairy folk—
On two islands of the sea,
Took on themselves love's good sweet yoke,
Yet they could not meet, you see,
For tho' it was only a fairy sea,
It was deep and wide as it well could be.

For two long years, two years and a day,
They loved and they longed to meet,
And each one blew the wet fairy spray
To the other one's fairy feet,
And each one threw, from its fairy shore,
Six kisses a day, and then six more.

They lay all bare in the summer air,
All bare to the naked sky,
And the wee little stars shone bright and fair,
And they looked at them wheeling by,
Till the sunrays came the wide sea o'er,
And fairy winds made the white waves roar.

Then they thought it sad to be held apart
 (These fairies they could not fly,
And often it made them sad at heart,
 To be wingless, as you and I);
So they puzzled their brains o'er a meeting plan,
 This fairy maid and this fairy man.

They grew so sad that they could not eat,
 They both waxed thin and wan,
And they said, "If we do not shortly meet,
 We both of us will be gone:
We will pass away like the fairy mist,
 Before each one has the other kissed."

One day the sea sang a sad, sad hymn,
 The winds blew high and loud,
And in from the ocean's rounded rim
 There came down a fairy cloud,
That held, in its fleecy vapour train,
 The crystal drops of the fairy rain.

They watched, those two, with their wide round
 eyes,
 Till the rain cloud broke o'erhead,
And black night lay on the fairy skies,
 Like a sea of ink outspread;
And they wept, those two little folk, for fear,
 So far apart, yet so very near.

Then the sun came out, and a rainbow cast
On the fairy rain, as it fell,
And they said, "We will meet each other at last,"
Aye, this is the tale I tell—
That one climbed up and slid down the bow,
And they kissed, as the fairies with wings all
know.

Now whenever you see the rainbow-span
Circle your own weet sky,
Just think of the fairy maid and man—
The fairies that could not fly—
And, if to the rainbow foot you get,
You will see the sea where their isles are yet.

Little Bo-Peep.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

In her baby sleep
Lies like a fairy flower,
And she breathes as low
As the dream-winds blow
Thro' the leaves of a Rainbow-bower.

Dawn to her cheek
Has come to seek
Roses to deck the Morn;
And the West knows where,
In the waves of her hair,
Last year's young gold was born.

The birds will bring
At Dawn, when they sing,
A lute-like voice to her;
Her maids will be
The Earth and the Sea,
And a Star her minister.

What her life will be
In the night I see
When I read her horoscope;

When I see her stand
Each hand in a hand
Of the Angels—Faith and Hope.

Her pathway runs
'Neath the rose-red suns
That flower in the farthest skies;
And the stars are hers
For her messengers
On her way to Paradise.

She will not tire
Where worlds on fire
Are sands of the Milky Way,
Or the angel Love
Meets her above
By the milestone marked “half-way.”

For her are the flowers
And the golden hours
That wing round them like bees,
The deep, deep hush
Ere the heavenly thrush
Calls loud through the trembling trees.

Ah, little Bo-Peep!
It is good to sleep
In that fair, calm angel way,
But I touch you like this
With the ghost of a kiss,
For I want you—to wake—and play.

The Little Builders.

RAN, the Son of Man, lay dying. He had been fleet as the winds are fleet—the killing hunter—the lonely man. Of all that he had known of his own race not one came near. With these he had quarrelled and fought, and there was much blood between them. Under a bark shelter raised against the wind he lay, the dense vine-roped, leaf-blinded, solitary bush before him.

Untended by any human hand he lay, too proud and too sullen to make any moan for all the pain that racked him. But the monkeys, who had known him so long in his early goings and late comings, and who had come to look upon the mute, hairy man as a king monkey, brought him, in broken cocoanuts, cooling draughts of milk from the trees, to put out the fever fire that burned within him.

Milk they brought him, and purple and amber grapes from the wild vines; figs from their trees, oranges too, and melons from the lower-lying flats by the talking rivers.

The lion he had hunted came and gazed at him and the great necklet of yellow claws he wore, with yellow eyes from which had gone both fear and

anger. Perhaps for that stricken and leonine hunter there was even in his heart some pity. They had been enemies, each by his own vow. There was truce between them at last by no pleading from the powerless one, but by the generous heart of the strong.

After the gazing lion came the timid things—deer and hares, the little squirrels and the wondering rabbits; after these came the little owls with their sorrowful voices, and the moon. For a time before the dawn there was nothing but silence, until there came the Little Builders, guiding the Angels of the Passing, with the chief of them, the Angel with the Shining Eyes. By his leafy couch came all these. With a hoarse voice Ran, the Son of Man, bade them begone, raising himself upon a wasted arm, but they remained.

To the Little Builders the Angels with the Shining Eyes said—“What is it?”

And the Little Builders answered—

“This is the work that we have done. From all the words that came from the thoughts that were the thoughts of Him, we have builded Ran, the Son of Man. Word by word, each as small as the motes in a beam of light, we took from his lips the bad and the good. One upon the other they were placed from sun to sun, and from moon to moon, and from the falling of the leaf to the falling of the leaf again. Building by the command of the

Master, we have given shape to a Soul that the Angel of the Shining Eyes may see."

The eyes of Ran, the Son of Man, unclosed again and fixed themselves upon the face of the Angel of the Shining Eyes, and "What do you here?" said he.

And the Angel of the Shining Eyes answered—

"I have come with the golden and true balance, to weigh all the words of Ran, the Son of Man, so that the Master may know whether good in the scale will weigh down evil, or whether evil will outweigh the good."

Again Ran, the Son of Man, cried "Begone!"

But the Little Builders took, one by one, from the crown even unto the foundation of Ran, the Son of Man, the thoughts, small as the motes in a beam of light, that they had builded in the making of that gaunt soul. And as they passed from the hands of the Little Builders to the scales, so passed, slowly passed, the life of Ran, the Son of Man.

Yet all the space in the scale of good was empty, and the Angel of the Shining eyes, foreseeing the sorrow of the Master, became himself sad with tears, taking and holding it in his hand, hoping even then.

Ran, the Son of Man, began to murmur as if in a dream, and the Angel, listening, heard him and understood his speech.

"I have been wild and lawless," said he, "fearing nothing and hating much, asking nothing and

giving less. The light upon the mountains and the shadows in the forest, the dawn, the twilight, the rivers and the stars, constant, yet changing, and beautiful after the deep breathings of the chase, were my ministers, because of one I loved and who loved me long ago, and who sorrowed, and who died doubting me, because of the craft of an enemy."

A little silence came and stood between Ran, the Son of Man, and the Angel with the Shining Eyes. The Little Builders rested, thinking their labour ended. The Angel with the Shining Eyes leaned low and whispered in his ear.

The Little Builders worked again.

"I loved her, and because I could not give my life to her—the woman with the white breasts and brow, and the soft and clinging arms—I gave it to the silence, leaving, after vengeance, the race that wronged me. Yet——"

The Little Builders stayed their hands.

"Ran, the Son of Man, hunted not what he might slay, but for that which cannot be slain—LOVE."

The Little Builders ceased from their work. The Angel with the Shining Eyes stood erect, holding the balance with the beam of gold, and his face now shone with the shining of his eyes.

The Little Builders.

As our God holds in His hands
All the seas and all their sands,
 Numbering every billow in its foam—
So He counts each earthly deed
For the hungry hour of need,
 Storing them in garners near His home.

There the Builders one by one
Take the deeds that we have done,
 One by one with little hands they mould them,
Thro' the days of war and peace,
Into cells or palaces,
 So that God our Father may behold them.

Only bad deeds fail and pine
In that atmosphere divine,
 For they cannot bear day's holy noon:
Neither shall the sun and rain
Wake them into life again—
 Neither shall the glory of the moon.

As the earth's foundation stands
In the hollows of God's hands,
 As its constant song to heaven is rhyming.
Bravely as the earth doth roll
We should go unto our goal,
 With the stars like bells above us chiming.

Asaman, the Beginner of Dreams.

THE first days were days of plenty, for the world was joyous under the sun, laughing to the young Spring in flowers and fruits and odours rich and numberless. The lion went in fear of man, for every man was strong. The Earth gave forth nothing that was weak or sickly, for as yet man had done little wrong to himself or to his neighbour, and less unto nature. Toil there was none. Men came from the chase nightly to the feast and the sleep of the tired and the gluttoned. But to Asaman there was something lacking in life. Coal-black were his eyes and his hair. His limbs were bronze, with sinew and bone and blood making it alive. He stood straight and tall as a spear planted in the earth. He was not hairy of limb and body like others of his people, and he walked much by himself, and killed the wolves with his hands. Before the steady flames that burned in his eyes the panther faded into the leaves of the forest, and the leopard lay at full length, yet uneasily, on his branch and forgot to spring. Wondering and wandering, Asaman went through the woods, hearing sounds that others heard not, seeing things that looked with startled eyes from the air, and fled. He sought the river-

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heads in the valley, and he heard the bell-like voices of the waters as they talked. The ripple spreading from the rising of a trout in the glassy pool was a glory to him, and the broken moonlight falling about the forest paths made, as it seemed to him, a bird to wake and sing in his heart. The shining of the dew upon the grass-blades and upon the round, beautiful webs the spiders spun, the rose opening and reddening, the gladioli burning about the bush-edges—these, too, gave him joy, and with joy came longing—*a longing to know.*

Rising from his couch in the white night while the others slept and snored with opened mouths, he would step across their forms and walk, following the Thing of his Wonder, a face that grew in beauty in his mind in the darkness and in the light.

The men looked upon him with a half-careless interest, but the eyes of the women brightened at his approach, though he saw not that many of them decked themselves, that they might draw to them the deep, dark, far-away-looking eyes of Asaman.

Now, upon a night when silence brooded heavily over the forest, Asaman lay and slept with his face to the stars under the warm sky; and as the dew fell upon his coal-black hair and glistened in the starlight like diamonds upon the lashes of his heavy-lidded eyes, a sound like the patter of many feet came through the stillness, and the deep-throated cries of many wolves rang out from their red throats.

Hitherto the wolves had hunted singly; but fearful of Asaman, who had killed so many with his hands, they had called a council and chosen a great, gaunt, and savage wolf as leader. Leading them now, he came, determined as they to slay the slayer of their dead brothers.

Against a tree stood Asaman—against a tree that grew before a smooth-faced wall of rock. He knew not what fear was, for fear had not yet come to him. As wolf after wolf sprang he caught each open-mouthed in the air, tore their jaws apart, and flung them to the pack, that turned upon them and pulled them to pieces.

Sweating, straining, struggling, and wet with blood (drenched in dew), Asaman awoke. He looked around for the wolves that he had killed; they had vanished. He looked for their blood upon his hands and his body; he found only the dew. He listened for the sound of running footfalls; there was only silence. He had not yet found the thing of his wonder; but yet, but yet, he saw a face that came between him and the killing.

Again he slept—and “I will walk to the edge of the earth,” he said. On the long, long march he went, through the mists of night; and when morning came he was, he thought, at that place where the earth meets the sky, but with the coming of the sun he saw only a great white river filling all the valley, a valley of mist, from which the hill-tops stood up

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like lonely islands against the waves of mist. The meeting-place of the earth and sky had fled before him to another far stronghold. Through gaps in the nearer hills he saw grey banks of cloud, and above them a blue plain that swept upward and away into something unseen beyond. The blue made his wonder and his longing greater. Again the eyes of Asaman opened, but all about him he saw only the sleepers, snoring with open mouths. Yet all through his dream went the face beckoning him with a look.

"I will seek for that which I have seen," said Asaman again.

He rose and bathed himself in the stream that flowed past the place of his people. He took of food sparingly; and breaking into a run, with his eye upon the meeting-place of the earth and sky, he commenced his long and lonely journey, for the path to the Thing of Wonder is through the gates of Far Away. On the far blue hills the face went before him—a beautiful face that, going away and away, vanished on the horizon as he ran; but Asaman said—

"This is the Thing of Wonder, and this is the chase for Man."

Sleeping, he saw the face; and waking, it still went before him, over the mountains and into the Happy Valley.

The hands of the killer of wolves were now clean

from blood. The trees held out their arms to him loaded with golden fruit, and where some sudden bolt of lightning had struck down a meanly fruited limb in the white wood the bees had hived, and there was amber honey in combs of snow. From large-leaved palms he took nuts that gave him milk, and from the earth roots that he cooked with fire. After many weary days of travel, Asaman lay down, and he slept, and in his sleep came again the face. He stretched out his arms. He awoke and said, "It is morning," but the light that filled his eye was the light of the face. The arms that were stretched out to him were not the beams of the sun or the arms of the fruited trees. The form that rose before him did not flee away like the horizon. The voice that he heard was a voice that he had heard in sleep, faintly as sleepers hear; but the whole body of light that rose before him like the morning was the Thing of Wonder, that, like the horizon, is of the earth and sky—and the name of which is love. So, following his dream, Asaman came from the place of the gluttoned sleepers to love that lives at the end of weary travel, over the far blue hills, in the Happy, Happy Valley.

The Dreamer.

WHO seeks the shore where dreams outpour
Their floods in Slumber Seas
Lives all night long within a song
Of murmuring mysteries.

Where stars are lit above the pit
That holds the hollow dark,
Into their dawn he shall sail on
In an enchanted barque.

He shall not fear tho' in his ear
The thrusting cranks of Time,
Thro' blaze and gloom, with crash and boom,
Ring in tremendous rhyme.

Beyond the cloud that doth enshroud
Saturn with beauteous bands,
Where at the knees of Hyades
Creation clasps her hands.

He shall bow low to God and know
Keen sorrow and delight,
The day's full pride and eventide,
The inmost thoughts of night.

Into their calm white waves of balm
His soul shall plunge and swim,
Fast silver-globed full moons unrobed
That float round Heaven's rim.

He shall bow low to God and know
God, and be known of Him:
He shall surprise within the skies
The watching Seraphim.

He shall be known about the Throne
When names are named above,
As one redeemed through dreams he dreamed—
As one *Beloved of Love*.

The Lost Voice.

HANNIMAN, swarthy of face, seated by the camp fire on a misty morning among the lonely hills where they had gone a-hunting, told this story of the Lost Voice to his mates of the chase, while the heavy drops fell from the leaves and the birds perched in silence, with indrawn necks, above and about them.

“Through many moons a rumour had reached our tribe of wonderful singing that had been heard away in a hidden sea-valley, where dwelt a strange white people that had built them dwellings on a little flat guarded by a river, the seas, and the hills.

“For many years many tribes, but principally our own, had tried to conquer that people, but the way to their living place was along a sea-track that came up from the coast upon a high and rocky hill crowned with bush, except where it overlooked the river and the valley.

“However carefully any attacking party approached, the white people always had warning, and were ready to slaughter the invaders at the crossing of the stream.

“There many a bloody fight had been fought, but no foe had ever succeeded in getting a foothold within the village.

“ One day, I know not how, it came to be known that the secret of the warnings was in a little lake called Waimarama, or ‘ The water that is a mirror.’ The water lay away, but not far, from the rocky bluff up which the sea-track climbed, and when an enemy appeared overlooking it, his shadow was always thrown upon the lake Waimarama in time to warn the white people and allow them to arm and meet their foes at the River of Blood.

“ Bar Bar, the leader of our people, stole on the evening-time alone, keeping in the shadows and the cover, down to the headland to watch and to listen.

“ By the side of Waimarama he saw a woman of a beauty that filled him with wonder. She was straight and tall, not gross of form and squat and ugly like the women of our tribe, but clean-limbed as an antelope.

“ Her hands and her feet showed that she had done no rude work or heavy carrying. Her throat rose from her breast like a smooth, white, sloping column, and her hair was the colour of oak leaves when the autumn is on them and the sun is shining through.

“ As Bar Bar looked she began to sing.

“ She sang the stars into the sky.

“ Next day Bar Bar missed a great dog-wolf with his club.

“ The day after, Bar Bar’s spear went wide of a

hoar he was hunting, and a red gash in his leg ran with blood.

“Word of these things quickly spread through the tribe, and men began to mutter that his hand and his eye were failing. He went moodily about in the bush and avoided, as much as he might, the eyes of his people.

“At last he came to them with purpose in his voice, and they talked and armed for war.

“Before dawn they were afoot, making for the dwelling-place of the white people.

“Before noon Waimarama gave the warning to the people by it, and a little while after, the two forces met in the River of Blood. They fought with loud cries and savage yells, but not a man of our men found footing on the bank.

“Suddenly there was a strange commotion in the sea.

“The women of the village saw it, and they sent word to their chief.

“He left his fighting down by the river and climbed the bank, blood and water dripping from him.

“‘Ugh,’ he said in disgust, ‘they are Black Fish,’ and he returned to his fighting.

“Slowly and slowly the fish drew inshore, sporting with each other and with the waves.

“They rose and they fell and they wallowed, coming nearer and nearer.

“ They were indeed a merry shoal of Black Fish.

“ And at last they rolled on the hard sand, borne upon it by a great breaker, and then—each Black Fish rose to his feet and ran, carrying in one hand a stone axe, and in the other a spear. . . . That night the Singing Woman and the chief of the white people lay bound in the camp of our tribe.

“ Where the round plot of green is surrounded by a ring of terraced rocks rising high above it they took them at sunset of next day, for Bar Bar believed that evening only was the time of the Woman's singing.

“ All around them, tier upon tier, rose the faces of the people of our tribe, men, women, and children, with the dogs, like a wolf-pack, looking downward where the woman stood.

“ Bar Bar loosed her bonds and commanded her to sing.

“ She refused, with scorn upon her lips.

“ Bar Bar commanded a slave to smite her with a supple rod.

“ The scorn filled the eyes of the woman as she stood proudly there, though there was rage in the eyes of the man, who lay bound upon the earth.

“ Then the man spoke in a low voice, and the woman turned to Bar Bar and signed that his bonds should be loosed, and that he should be placed upon the terraced rock between her and the sky if they would hear her sing.

“So they loosed the bonds from the man and placed him between her and the sky.

“A hush fell over all the people. No wind touched them there. No leaf moved, for none grew near. All the people were as still as the rock under and around them.

“Then low, but growing louder, swelling into a tempest of sound, came the voice.

“The eyes of Bar Bar gleamed.

“The woman, with her look ever fixed upon the chief of the white people, sang on until a flame burned between them—a shaft of clear light, straight as a spear.

“Her breasts, as if filled with the morning, never seemed to want to breathe—though they rose and fell like the slow sea waves. Her throat swelled out like the throat of a singing bird.

“Her teeth gleamed. Her eyes and her hair shone.

“Her body became a blown flame, that quivered and swayed and thrilled and throbbed with the beating of that wonderful voice. A charm stole over all the listening tribe. They swayed and swayed to the song, as little trees bend to the wind and swing back again. Their eyes were dim, for they seemed to see the singer through the mist. Even the gloomy face of Bar Bar began to shine.

“At last, breathing quickly and calling in her song, she threw her head back, her arms forward

and upward, and she seemed to rise in the air. At the same moment the man arose and floated towards her. They met, and clasped each other before the eyes of all who sat there without power to move or speak. They mingled and rose like a waft of white smoke, and rose higher and higher, growing brighter and brighter, until, following them, the eyes of all saw them fixed in the heavens—a feathered star.

“And whenever the star with the feather of light appears, though it may be near or far, dim or bright, the people of our tribe say ‘That is the white magic—the spirit of the Chief of the White People, and the spirit of the Lost Voice made one forever and forever.’”

Eva.

COME back and we'll remember
 (You can remember too),
The first days of September,
 When Spring came in, with you.

Ah! those were days of laughter,
 Of ballads clear and sweet,
When all the flow'rs ran after
 The prints of your white feet.

I set your cradle rocking
 Whence sleep had fled away,
To see your glad eyes mocking
 The sunbeams where they lay.

Glad eyes they were, and growing
 More tender and more true,
They showed the Woman glowing
 Beneath the fire and blue.

I held your hand to lighten
 The first steps of your way,
And feel your fingers tighten
 Still on my own to-day.

You are the wise child-woman
Who read me thro' and thro';
Who taught me to be human
Is to be God-like too.

You showed me lotus-islands
White shored, and plumed with trees,
And crowned with snowy highlands,
Above melodious seas.

I know that joy-bells tinkled
For you with silver sound,
I know that fair stars twinkled,
In some new heaven you found.

You saw the fairies meeting
On sunbeams where they walk,
And heard their words of greeting,
For all my foolish talk.

Your face was the reflection
Of the kind thoughts of kings
That hold the recollection
Of all unuttered things.

So to your coronation
When you are woman-crowned,
I'll bring the adoration
Of all the years profound.

When you, with your child-teaching,
 Made me a little wise,
With thoughts far, far out-reaching
 The bounds of all surmise.

To give all sorrow warning
 From your girl's paradise,
May angels of the morning
 Look thro' your happy eyes.

Some quiet thought recalling
 To you of the lost years,
To keep your feet from falling,
 To keep your eyes from tears.

Burn the Wind.

OLD BURN THE WIND,
Whose black face grinned,
 Was shaping an axe for battle;
And the ringing sound
In his cavern drowned
 The little streamlet's prattle.

Still he could hear,
From the forest near,
 Low grunts from his charcoal-burners,
As up they stole
To his cave with coal,
 Like a string of muted mourners.

'Twas the first axe-blade
In the young world made,
 Its face had been seen by no men,
For the sharpened stone
And the pointed bone
 Did arm the angry foemen.

From red to blue
The edge changed hue,
 Till the eye could scarcely find it;
And a hand-length long,
Both keen and strong,
 He shaped a spike behind it.

BURN THE WIND.

When the edge was whet
On a stone made wet,
 He started again a clamour,
For around it all,
With a tender fall,
 He tap-tapped with his hammer.

And low he laughed
As he fitted the shaft
 That he from an ash did borrow,
And he swung it wide,
And cried in pride,
 “ I will split some heads to-morrow.”

Ere the daily flame
Of the morning came
 Uprising from the mountains,
Or the birds took wing,
To perch and sing,
 By rock and leafy fountains.

He had led his men
To a quiet glen—
 The darkness slowly fading ;
They crept along,
Two hundred strong,
 And climbed a palisading.

Soon ran the blood
In a smoking flood
 Where Earth her thirst was slaking,
But no hand stayed
Till the palisade
 Held a tribe far past awaking.

Yet one gold head
From a bloody bed,
 Where dreamless lay another,
Arose like a flow'r
In that awful hour,
 And a child-voice called out "Mother!"

And Burn the Wind,
Tho' his tribesmen grinned,
 Stooped down and took and kissed her:
Tho' the blood on his hands
Made crimson brands,
 He called her his "gold-haired sister."

For many years
He made long spears
 For his men, and swords and armour:
And they slew so quick
That the land grew sick
 And held scarce herd or farmer.

But the child, tho' slight,
Grew a woman's height,
 And Burn the Wind soon noted
She was pure as streams
That flow in dreams,
 And for song she was golden-throated.

She spoke of the killed
And the fields untilld,
 Of the lives so vainly squandered,
Full many days
By the furnace blaze,
 While her great black captor pondered.

BURN THE WIND.

And once on a day
He said "I will slay
No more," to his cave-mate bowing.
Then the axe so rare,
With a loving care,
He shaped to a share for plowing.

He called his men
To the green in the glen—
They came at his bidding willing;
But their faces fell
When he said "Mark well!
I forbid all needless killing.

"Our Gods are mild,
For they sent a child,
Now grown into a woman,
To teach my heart
That the better part
Is Love, not Hate inhuman."

Then Golden Head
Rose up, and said,
"Heav'nward I must be going;
Did I still remain
You would entertain
An angel, *not unknowing*."

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